February 1, 2025

An Early Grave

In a quiet town where shadows softly fall,

A tale unfolds of life cut short, too soon,

Beneath the ancient oaks, where whispers call,

A grave lies still beneath the silver moon.

Young Emily, with dreams as vast as skies,

Her laughter bright, a beacon in the night,

With eyes that sparkled, full of sweet surprise,

She danced through life, a vision of pure light.

But fate, it seems, had other plans in store,

A sickness came, like shadows in the dawn,

Her strength did wane, her spirit fought no more,

And in the end, her light was swiftly gone.

The town did mourn, her loss a heavy weight,

A flower plucked before its time to bloom,

Her grave, a symbol of a cruel fate,

A life cut short, now resting in the gloom.

Yet in the hearts of those who knew her well,

Her memory lives on, a cherished flame,

In whispered tales, her spirit they do tell,

A legacy of love, in death's cold name.

So here she lies, beneath the ancient trees,

A soul at peace, though taken far too soon,

Her story carried on the gentle breeze,

A song of life, beneath the silver moon.